THE

ARMY

HYMN-BOOK.

SECOND EDITION.

RICHMOND VA:
PRESBYTERIAN COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION.
1865.

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HYMNS.

WORSHIP.

1 C. M.

APPROACH my soul the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer,
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely press'd,
By war without, and fear within;
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding place;
That sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him "thou hast died."

5 Oh! wond'rous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

3

C. M.

AWAKE my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's own animating voice,
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Bless'd Saviour, introduced by thee
Have I my race begun;
And crown'd with victory at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

3 L. M.

AWAKE our souls, away our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint.

3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode:
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

4 L. M.

Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And, when like wandering sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy Name?

4 We 'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;

Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling worlds shall cease to move.

5 C. M.

Bless'd are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's charming sound;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel, thy King forever reigns,
Thy God forever lives.

6 C. M.

Bless'd be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored.

2 When from the dead He raised his Son,
And called Him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope,
That they should never die.

3 What though our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust;
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his followers must.

4 There's an inheritance divine,
Reserved against that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
And cannot fade away.

5 Saints by the power of God are kept.
Till that salvation come;
We walk by faith as strangers here.
Till Christ shall call us home.

7 H. M.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow;
The gladly solemn sound,
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad;
The year of jubilee is come:
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
To all the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And bless'd in Jesus live;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Receive it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

6 The gospel trumpet sounds,
Let all the nations hear,
And earth's remotest bounds
Before the throne appear;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

8 7 s.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer,
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

3 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

4 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

C. M.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus."
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

10 8 s & 7 s.

Come, thou Fount of every blessing.
Tune my heart to sing thy grace:
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—O fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it from thy courts above.

11 C. M.

Father of mercies, in thy word,
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name adored,
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want,

Exhaustless riches find;
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice,
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

4 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructer, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

12 C. M.

How sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!

2 While all our hearts, in this our song,
Join to admire the feast,

Each of us cries with thankful tongue,
"Lord, why was I a guest?"

3 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room;
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forced us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

13 7 s.

LORD we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion, now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace;
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way,

Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those who are cast down, lift up,
Make them strong in faith and hope.

6 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind:
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

14 L. C. M.

When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come,
To take thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But can I bear the piercing thought,
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call?

3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace,
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding place,
In this accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Let me among thy saints be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

15 L. M.

What various hindrances we meet,
In coming to a mercy-seat!

Yet who that knows the worth of
prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud with-
draw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor
bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Have you no words? Ah! think again
Words flow apace when you complain.
And fill your fellow-creature's ear,
With the sad tale of all your care.

5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

THE SAVIOUR.

16 C. M.

According to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget,
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember thee.

5 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

17 C. M.

Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Thy body slain, dear Jesus, thine,
And bathed in its own blood;
While all exposed to wrath divine,
The glorious sufferer stood.

3 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.

5 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:

Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

18 C. M.

ALL hail the power of Jesus name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail Him, who saves you by his grace
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

19 8 s, 7 s & 4 s.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth and veils the sky
"It is finish'd!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 It is finish'd—O! what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!
Heavenly blessings without measure
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
It is finish'd!
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name:
It is finish'd!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

20 C. M.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!

It soothes his sorrows heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;
My never failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

21 C. M.

JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to mine ear,
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven should hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My joy, my hope, my trust;
Jewels, to thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee most richly meet;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honors of thy name,
With my last, laboring breath;
Then speechless clasp thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.

22 S. M.

Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away:
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent, I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

23 C. M.

O! FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of thy grace.

2 JESUS, the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

3 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

4 Let us obey, we then shall know,
Shall feel our sins forgiven:
Anticipate our heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

24 8 s & 7 s.

ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:

They who once his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.

2 Which of all our friends to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But this Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in him to God:
This was boundless love indeed;
Jesus is a friend in need.

3 When He lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same:
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

4 Oh! for grace our hearts to soften;
Teach us Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often,
What a Friend we have above:
But, when home our souls are brought,
We will love thee as we ought.

26 7 s.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee:

Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure;
Save me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfil the laws demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress,
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Vile, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my heart-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment-throne:
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

26 L. M.

Jesus, and shall it ever be,

A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels prais
Whose glories shine through endle
days!

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,
Bright Morning Star, bid darknes fle

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! Yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain:
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

27 C. M.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply;
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save;
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

28 L. M.

'Twas on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed Him to his foes.

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blessed and brake;
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace He spake!

3 "This is my body broke for sin;
Receive and eat the living food;"
Then took the cup and blessed the wine
"'Tis the new covenant in my blood,"

4 "Do this, (He cried,) 'till time shall end,
In memory of your dying Friend;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
We show thy death, we sing thy name,

'Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

29 L. M.

When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so Divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

30 S. M.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

31 C. M.

AM I a soldier of the Cross,
A follower of the Lamb,

And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this dark world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
With faith's discerning eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine,
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

32 C. M.

Amazing grace! how sweet the sound,
That sav'd a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found—
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears reliev'd;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believ'd.

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 And when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease;
I shall possess within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

33 S. M.

Behold what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestow'd

On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made:
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove
To rest upon my heart.

5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
My faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

34 7 s.

Children of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing:
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye mourning souls, be glad;
Christ our advocate is made;
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
Soon you'll enter into rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.

Lord submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

8 s, 7 s & 4 s

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,

Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me by thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

36 5 s, 6 s & 9 s.

How happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above?
Oh! what tongue can express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love?

2 'T was heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And his story repeat,
And the Saviour of sinners adore.

3 Oh! the rapturous height
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in his life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed,
I was perfeetly blest,
As if filled with the fulness of God.

4 Then, all the day long,
Was my Jesus my song,
And redemption through faith in his name;
Oh! that all might believe,
And salvation receive,
And their song and their joy be the same.

37 7 s & 6 s.

1 How lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole!
There is but one physician,
Can cure a sin-sick soul?—

The worst of all diseases
Is light compared with sin;
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within.

2 From men great skill professing,
I thought a cure to gain;
But this prov'd more distressing,
And added to my pain—
Some said that nothing ail'd me,
Some gave me up for lost,
Thus every refuge fail'd me,
And all my hopes were cross'd.

3 At length this great Physician—
How matchless is his grace!
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case—
Next door to death he found me,
And snatch'd me from the grave;
To tell to all around me,
His wond'rous power to save.

4 A dying, risen JESUS,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death—
Come then to this Physician,

His help he'll freely give,
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only—look—and live.

38 8 s.

How tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and swee
flowers,
Have lost all their sweetness to me.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice.

3 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
And thou art my sun and my song!
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?

4 Oh! drive these dark clouds from th
sky
Thy soul-cheering presence restore,
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are n
more.

39 7 s & 6 s.

I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White, in his blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fullness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrow shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraees,
I on His breast reeline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child.
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

40 P. M.

I'M a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger;
I can tarry but a night;
Do not detain me, for I am going
To where the rivers are ever flowing
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry but a night.

2 There the sunbeams are ever shining
I am longing for the sight;
Within a country unknown and drear
I've been wand'ring forlorn and wear
I'm a pilgrim, &c.

3 Of the country to which I'm going,
My Redeemer is the light;
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any sinning, nor any dying.
I'm a pilgrim, &c.

41 C. M.

I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Nor to defend his cause,
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God, I know his name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And He can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will He own my worthless name,
Before his Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem,
Appoint my soul a place.

42 C. M.

In all my Lord's appointed ways
My journey I'll pursue;
Hinder me not, ye much loved saints,
For I must go with you.

2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lea
I'll follow where he goes,
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duty, and through trials, to
I'll go at his command;
Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

4 And when my Saviour calls me home
My joyful cry shall be,
Hinder me not, come, welcome death
I'll gladly go with thee.

43 S. M.

I was a wand'ring sheep,
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled.
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home;
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep
The Father sought His child;

They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild;
They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

No more a wandering sheep;
I love to be controlled,
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
I love the peaceful fold;
No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam,
I love my heavenly Father's voice,
I love, I love His home.

4 L. M.

Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
He, whom I fixed my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief and burden long have been,
Because I could not cease from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more,
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

5 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am:
Nothing but sin I thee can give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say—"Behold the way to God."

45 11 s.

'Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints;
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,

And feel in the presence of Jesus at
home!

2 Sweet bonds, that unite all the children
of peace;
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love
cannot cease:
Though oft from thy presence in sad-
ness I roam,
I long to behold thee, in glory, at home.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion
with thee;
Though now my temptations like bil-
lows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I 'm with
thee at home.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I
stay,
O give me submission and strength as
my day;
In all my afflictions, to thee I would
come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

5 What'er thou deniest, O give me thy
grace,

The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of
thy face;
Inspire me with patience to wait at thy
throne,
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste
of home.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to
shine,
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
And in thy dear image arise from the
tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at
home.

45 8 s & 7 s.

My days are gliding swiftly by
And I a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,—
Those hours of toil and danger.

CHORUS.

For now we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over;
And just before, the shining shore,
We may almost discover.

2 Our absent King the watchword gave,—
"Let every lamp be burning,"
We look afar across the wave,
Our distant home discerning.

For now we stand &c.

3 Should coming days be dark and cold,
We will not yield to sorrow,
For hope will sing with courage bold,
There's glory on the morrow.

For now we stand &c.

4 Let storms of woe in whirlwinds rise,
Each chord on earth to sever,—
There—bright and joyous in the skies—
There—is our home forever.

For now we stand &c.

47 S. M.

My soul be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
And hosts of sin are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thy arduous work will not be done,
Till thou hast got the crown.

48 S. M.

"My times are in Thy hand,"
My God, I wish them there;
My life, my friends, my soul I leave
Entirely to Thy care.

2 "My times are in Thy hand,"
Whatever they may be,
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.

3 "My times are in Thy hand,"
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 "My times are in Thy hand,"
Jesus, the crucified;

The hand my cruel sins had pierced,
Is now my guard and guide.

5 "My times are in Thy hand,"
Jesus, my Advocate;
Nor shall Thine hand be stretch'd in
vain
For me to supplicate.

6 "My times are in Thy hand,"
I'll always trust in Thee;
And, after death, at Thy right hand
I shall for ever be.

49 P. M.

NEARER, my God to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone,

Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heav'n;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy giv'n;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee.—

4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

5 And when on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky;
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee!

59 C. M.

O! FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and Heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed;
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,

Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

51 C. M.

Oh that the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!
Oh that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!

2 Oh send thy Spirit down, to write
Thy law upon my heart
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere:
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

4 Make me to walk in thy commands;
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

52 C. M.

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and, O amazing love!
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste He fled;
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 He spoiled the powers of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains;
Jesus has freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.

5 O! for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

53 8 s.

PRESERVED by thine Almighty power.
O Lord, our Maker, Saviour, King,
And brought to see this happy hour,
We come thy praises here to sing.

CHORUS.

Happy day, happy day,
Here in thy courts we'll gladly stay:
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed our sins away.

2 We praise thee for thy constant care,
For life preserved, for mercies given;
Oh, may we still those mercies share,
And taste the joys of sins forgiven.

Happy day, happy day, &c.

3 We praise thee for the joyful news
Of pardon through a Saviour's blood;
Oh Lord, incline our hearts to choose
The road to happiness and God.

Happy day, happy day, &c.

4 And when on earth our days are done,
Grant, Lord, that we at length may join,
Ransomed and saved around thy throne,
The song of Moses and the Lamb.

Happy day, happy day, &c.

54 C. M.

SALVATION! Oh, the joyful sound;
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

55 8s, 7s & 4s.

SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation:

Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from thee.

2 Keep no longer at a distance;
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.
Lord, revive us; &c.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one esteem'd thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares.
Lord, revive us; &c.

4 Break the tempter's fatal power;
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour.
To revive thy work afresh.
Lord, revive us; &c.

56 P. M.

Say, Brothers, will you meet us?
Say, Brothers, will you meet us?

Say, Brothers, will you meet us?
On Canaan's happy shore!

2 Say, Sisters, will you meet us?
Say, Sisters, will you meet us?
Say, Sisters, will you meet us?
On Canaan's happy shore!

2 By the grace of God we'll meet you
Where parting is no more;
That will be a happy meeting,
On Canaan's happy shore.

4 Jesus lives and reigns forever,
On Canaan's happy shore;
Glory! glory! hallelujah!
Forever, ever more.

THE SINNER.

57 L. C. M.

Awaked by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go;
Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
"The sinner must be born again,
Or sink to endless woe."

2 When to the law I trembling fled,
It poured its curses on my head,
I no relief could find;
This fearful truth increased my pain.
"The sinner must be born again,"
And whelmed my tortured mind.

3 Again did Sinai's thunder roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast oppressive load;
Alas, I read and saw it plain,
"The sinner must be born again,
Or drink the wrath of God."

4 The saints I heard with rapture tell,
How Jesus conquered death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare;
Yet when I found this truth remain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
I sunk in deep despair.

5 But while I thus in anguish lay,
The gracious Saviour passed this way,
And felt his pity move;
The sinner, by his justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

58 8s, 7s & 4s.

COME, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruin'd by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

2 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you—
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam,

3 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo your Maker prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him;
Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is finished:"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

4 Lo! th' incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus

Can do helpless sinners good.

5 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven,
Sweetly echo with his name:
Hallelujah!—
Sinners here may sing the same.

59 11 s.

Delay not, delay not, O sinner draw near:
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus thy God?
A fountain is opened, how can'st thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner to come,
For merey still lingers, and calls thee to-day:
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message unheeded will soon pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of Grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight;
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy raee,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

5 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand;
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade;
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand;
What power then, O sinner, shall lend thee its aid?

60 L. M.

Hasten, O sinner, to be wise,

And stay not for to-morrow's sun
The longer Wisdom you despise,
The harder is she to be won.

2 O! hasten mercy to implore,
And stay not for to-morrow's sun
For fear thy season should be o'er,
Before this evening's course be run

3 Hasten, O sinner, to return,
And stay not for to-morrow's sun,
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn
Before the needful work is done.

4 Hasten, O sinner, to be blest,
And stay not for to-morrow's sun;
For fear the curse should thee arrest
Before the morrow is begun.

61 S. M. D.

O WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound
Or pierce to either pole:
The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

2 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.
There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O what eternal horrors hang
Around "the second death!"

3 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And evermore undone.
Here would we end our quest:
Alone are found in thee,
The life of perfect love, the rest
Of immortality.

62 S. M.

Now is th' accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
O sinners! come, without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is th' accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late;—

Then why should you delay?

3 Now is th' accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise, in his word,
Declares there yet is room.

4 Lord! draw reluctant souls,
And melt them by thy love;
Then will the angels speed their way
To bear the news above.

63 L. M.

RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injur'd Father's face:
Those warm desires that in thee burn,
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His hand shall heal thine inward smart.

3 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

64 L. M.

SAY, sinner, hath a voice within,
Oft whispered to thy secret soul;
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?

2 Hath something met thee in the path
Of worldliness and vanity,
And pointed to the coming wrath,
And warned thee from that wrath to flee?

3 Sinner, it was a heavenly voice,
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

4 Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard in time the warning kind;
That call thou may'st not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.

5 God's Spirit will not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying man;
Ye who persist his love to grieve,
May never hear his voice again.

6 Sinner, perhaps this very day,
Thy last accepted time may be;
O should'st thou grieve him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

65 7 s.

SINNER, art thou still secure?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
Can thy heart or hand endure,
In the Lord's avenging day?

2 See, his mighty arm is bared,
Awful terrors clothe his brow;
For his judgment stand prepared;
Thou must either break or bow.

3 At his presence nature shakes,
Earth, affrighted, hastes to flee;
Solid mountains melt like wax,
What will then become of thee?

4 Who his coming may abide,

You that glory in your shame?
Will you find a place to hide,
When the world is wrapped in flame?

5 Lord, prepare us by thy grace!
Soon we must resign our breath,
And our souls be called to pass
Through the iron gate of death.

66 7 s.

SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why!
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live—
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands,
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why?
God, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself, that ye might live.
Will you let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why!
Many a time with you he strove
Woo'd you to embrace his love:
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Oh ye guilty sinners, why
Will ye grieve your God, and die?

67 8s, 7s & 4s.

SINNERS, we are sent to bid you
To the gospel feast to-day;
Will you slight the invitation?
Will you, can you, yet delay?
Jesus calls you:
Come, poor sinners, come away.

2 Come, O come, all things are ready,
Bread to strengthen, wine to cheer:
If you spurn this blood-bought banquet,
Sinners, can your souls appear
Guests in heaven,
Scorning heaven's rich bounty here?

3 Even now the Holy Spirit
Moves upon some melting heart,
Pleads a bleeding Saviour's merit;

Sinner, will you say "Depart?"
Wretched sinner,
Can you bid your God depart?

4 What are all earth's dearest pleasures,
Were they more than tongue could tell,
What are all its boasted treasures,
To a soul once sunk in hell?
Treasure! pleasure!
No such sounds are heard in hell.

5 Fly, O! fly ye to the mountain,
Linger not in all the plain;
Leave this Sodom of corruption,
Turn not, look not back again;
Fly to Jesus,
Linger not in all the plain.

68 8s, 7s & 4s.

SINNERS, will ye scorn the message,
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence, Oh, how tender!
Every line is full of love;
Listen to it—
Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the Gospel,

News from Zion's King proclaim,
To each rebel sinner—"Pardon,
"Free forgiveness in his name:"
How important!
Free forgiveness in his name.

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succour
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears
And with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears;
Tender heralds—
Chase away the falling tears.

4 False professors, grov'ling worldlings
Callous hearers of the word,
While the messengers address you,
Take the warnings they afford;
We entreat you,
Take the warnings they afford.

5 Who hath our report believed?
Who receiv'd the joyful word?
Who embrac'd the news of pardon
Offer'd to you by the Lord?
Can you slight it,
Offer'd to you by the Lord?

6 O, ye angels, hovering round us,

Waiting spirits, speed your way
Hasten to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay:
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.

69 7 s & 6 s.

Stop, poor sinners, stop and think,
Before you further go;
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting wo?
On the verge of ruin stop,
Now the friendly warning take,
Stay your footsteps, ere ye drop
Into the burning lake.

2 Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose?
Fear ye not that iron rod
With which He breaks his foes?
Can you stand in that dread day,
Which his justice shall proclaim,
When the earth shall melt away
Like wax before the flame?

3 Ghastly death will quickly come,
And drag you to his bar;

Then to hear your awful doom,
Will fill you with despair!
All your sins will round you crowd;
You shall mark their crimson dye;
Each for vengeance crying loud,
And what can you reply?

4 Though your heart were made of steel
Your forehead lined with brass;
God at length will make you feel,
He will not let you pass;
Sinners then in vain will call,
Those who now despise his grace,
"Rocks and mountains on us fall,
And hide us from his face."

70 12 s.

THE voice of free grace cries—"Escape to the mountain!"
For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened a fountain:
For sin and transgression, and every uncleanness,
His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, he has purchased our pardon,

We'll praise him again, when we
pass over Jordan.

2 Ye souls that are wounded! Oh! flee to
the Saviour;
He calls you in mercy,—'t is infinite
favor;
Your sins are increasing,—escape to the
mountain,—
His blood can remove them, it flows
from the fountain.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

3 O, Jesus! ride onward, thy kingdom is
glorious,
O'er sin, death and hell, thou wilt make
us victorious;
Thy name shall be praised in the great
congregation,
While angels and saints raise the shout
of salvation.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

4 With joy shall we stand, when escaped
to the shore;
With harps in our hands, we'll praise
him the more;
We'll range the sweet plains on the
bank of the river

And sing of salvation forever and e
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

71 S. M.

To-morrow, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy Sovereign hand,
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
Oh make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this fleeting hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by thine almighty power
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care;
Oh be it still pursued,
Lest slighted once, the season fai
Should never be renew'd.

5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light;
Lest life's young golden beam shou
In sudden endless night.

L. M.

While life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah! soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound;
Come sinners, haste, oh! haste away,
While yet a pardoning God He's found.

Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave;
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise;
No God regard your bitter prayer,
Nor Saviour call you to the skies.

While God invites—how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound;
Come, sinners haste, oh! haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

THE PENITENT.

73 S. M.

And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compell'd,
And own the conqueror!

3 Though late, I all forsake—
My friends, my all resign;
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine!

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove:
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.

My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know,
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.

6 My life, my portion thou,
Thou all-sufficient art;
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now
Enter and keep my heart.

74 C. M.

Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve.

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
High as a mountain rose:
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish I will pray,
And perish only there.

4 "I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die."

75 C. M. D.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto me and rest;
Lay down thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast.
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad,
I found in Him a resting place,
And he has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Behold, I freely give
The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live.
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's light,
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy days be bright.
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,

Till travelling days are done.

76 S. M.

JESUS, I come to thee,
A sinner doomed to die;
My only refuge is thy cross—
Here at thy feet I lie.

2 Can mercy reach my case,
And all my sins remove?
Break, O my God! this heart of stone,
And melt it by thy love.

3 Too long my soul has gone;
Far from my God astray;
I've sported on the brink of hell,
In sin's delusive way.

4 But, Lord! my heart is fixed—
I hope in thee alone;
Break off the chains of sin and death,
And bind me to thy throne.

5 Thy blood can cleanse my heart,
Thy hand can wipe my tears;
Oh! send thy blessed Spirit down
To banish all my fears.

6 Then shall my soul arise,
From sin and Satan free;
Redeemed from hell and every foe,
I'll trust alone in thee.

77 8, 8, 8, 6.

Just as I am—without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me:
And that thou bidst me come to thee—
O Lamb of God, I come?

2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yes, all I need in thee to find—
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Will welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe—
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down:
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone—
O Lamb of God, I come!

78 C. M.

Let carnal minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admir'd its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.

2 Its fading charms no longer please,
No more content afford;
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have seen the Lord.

3 As by the light of op'ning day,
The stars are all conceal'd;
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is reveal'd.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice—
I bid them all depart;
His name, and love, and gracious voice,
Have fix'd my roving heart.

5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,

And wholly live to thee;
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me!

6 Yes, though of sinners I'm the worst,
I cannot doubt thy will;
For, if thou had'st not lov'd me first,
I had refused thee still.

79 L. M.

O HAPPY day, that stays my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell thy goodness all abroad.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows,
To Him who merits all my love,
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to his sacred throne I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
Deign, gracious Lord, to make me thine!
Help me, through grace, to follow on,
Glad to confess thy voice divine.

4 Here rest, my oft-divided heart,

Fix'd on thy God, thy Saviour rest;
Who with the world would grieve to
part,
When call'd on angel's food to feast?

5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

80 C. M.

PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet,
A guilty rebel lies;
And upwards to thy mercy seat,
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping
eyes,
In ceaseless torrents flow.

3 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears but those which thou hast
shed;
No blood, but thou hast spilt.

4 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord.
And all my sins forgive;
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

81 L. M.

Show pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound;
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 O, wash my soul from every sin
And make my guilty conscience clean:
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

4 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

82 7 s.

'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

2 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

3 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild,
Filled with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?

4 Lord, decide the doubtful case,
Thou who art thy people's Sun;
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

5 Let me love thee more and more
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not loved before
Help me to begin to-day.

83 '7 s & 6 s.

VAIN, delusive world adieu,
With all of creature good;
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood.
All thy pleasure I forego;
All thy wealth and all thy pride,
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

2 Turning to my rest again,
The Saviour I adore;
He relieves my grief and pain,
And bids me weep no more.
Rivers of salvation flow
From his head, his hands, his side:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

3 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end,
This is all my happiness,

On Jesus to depend—
Daily in his grace to grow,
In his favor to abide:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

84 L. M.

When, marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering hosts bestud the sky,
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem:
But one alone, the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze:
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

3 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark foreboding cease:
And, through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now, safely moor'd, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever, and for evermore,
The Star!—the Star of Bethlehem!

THE SABBATH.

85 L. M.

Another six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God hath bless'd.

2 Oh that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows!

3 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,

The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties let the day
In holy pleasures pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

68 C. M.

FREQUENT the day of God returns,
To shed its quickening beams;
And yet how slow devotion burns;
How languid are its flames!

2 Accept our faint attempts to love;
Our frailties, Lord, forgive:
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.

3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend,
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbath ne'er shall end.

4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine.

87 C. L. M.

How calm and beautiful the morn
That gilds the sacred tomb,
Where once the Crucified was born
And veiled in midnight gloom!
O weep no more the Saviour slain;
The Lord is risen—He lives again.

2 Ye mourning saints, dry every tear
For your departed Lord:
"Behold the place—He is not here,"
The tomb is all unbarred;
The gates of death were closed in vain
The Lord is risen—He lives again.

3 Now cheerful to the house of prayer;
Your early footsteps bend,
The Saviour will himself be there,
Your Advocate and Friend:
Once by the law your hopes were slain,
But now in Christ ye live again.

4 How tranquil now the rising day,
'Tis Jesus still appears,
A risen Lord to chase away
Your unbelieving fears:
O weep no more your comforts slain;

The Lord is risen—He lives again.

5 And when the shades of evening fall,
When life's last hour draws nigh,
If Jesus shines upon the soul,
How blissful then to die!
Since He has risen who once was slain,
Ye die in Christ to live again.

MORNING AND EVENING

88 C. M.

Dread Sovereign, let my evening song
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the offerings of my tongue,
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day,
Thy hand was still my guard;
And still to drive my wants away
Thy mercy stood prepared.

3 Perpetual blessings from above,
Encompassed me around:
But O how few returns of love
Has my Creator found!

4 What have I done for Him who died
To save my wretched soul?
How are my follies multiplied,
Fast as my minutes roll!

5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
To thy dear cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renewed by thee.

99 C. M.

Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray
I am for ever thine:
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this evening sacrifice;
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith and hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus, with my thoughts composed to peace,

I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

90 C. M.

Lord in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye:

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 O may thy Spirit guide my feet,
In ways of righteousness?
Make ev'ry path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

91 7 s.

Now the shades of night are gone;
Now the morning light is come;
Lord, may we be thine to-day,
Drive the shade of sin away.

2 Fill our souls with heavenly light,
Banish doubt and gloomy night;
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
Help us labor, help us pray.

3 Keep our haughty passions bound;
Save us from our foes around;
Going out, and coming in,
Keep us safe from every sin.

4 When our work of life is past,
O receive us then at last!
Night of sin will be no more,
When we reach the heavenly shore.

92 C. M.

O Lord, another day is flown,
And, we a little band,
Are met once more before thy throne
To bless thy fostering hand.

2 And wilt thou bend a listening ear,
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt, for thou dost deign to hear
The song that meekness pours.

3 And Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt deign
As we before thee pray;
For thou didst bless the infant train,
And we are less than they.

4 O let thy grace perform its part,
Let sin's dominion cease;
And shed abroad in every heart,
Thine everlasting peace.

93 8 s & 7 s.

Saviour, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.
Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us,
We are safe if thou art nigh.

2 Though the night be dark and dreary
Darkness cannot hide from thee;

Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.
Should swift death this night o'ertake us
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn, in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

TRIALS

94 8 s & 7 s.

Gently, Lord, O! gently lead us,
Through this lonely vale of tears;
Through the changes thou'st decreed us
Till our last great change appears.
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.
And when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

95 S. M.

Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope on, be not dismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, and clouds and storms
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time: the darkest night
Shall end in brightest day.

3 Far, far above thy thought
His counsels shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought;
That caused thy needless fear.

4 What though thou rulest not!
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim God sitteth on the throne;
And ruleth all things well.

96 C. M.

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;

He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
With blessings on your head.

3 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

4 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

5 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

97 L. M.

God is the refuge of His saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade
Ere we can offer our complaints,

Behold Him present with His aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be
buried,
Down to the deep and buried there
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And wat'ring our divine abode.

4 That sacred stream, thine holy word,
Supports our faith, our fear controls,
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting
souls.

5 Zion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threat'ning hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and armed with
power.

98 L. M.

How oft have sin and Satan strove

To rend my soul from thee, my God!
But everlasting is thy love,
And Jesus seals it with his blood.

2 The oath and promise of the Lord
Join to confirm the wondrous grace:
Eternal power performs the word,
And fil's all heaven with end
less praise.

3 Amidst temptations sharp and long
My soul to this dear refuge flies:
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
While tempests blow, and billows rise

4 The go-pel bears my spirit up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

99 11 s.

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can He say than to you he hath said,

You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 In every condition—in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth.
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
"As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

3 Fear not, I am with thee! O! be not dismayed,
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of wo shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee, thy deepest distress.

5 When through fiery trials thy pathway
shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy
supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only
design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to
refine.

6 "Even down to old age, all my people
shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable
love;
And when hoary hairs shall their tem-
ples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom
be borne.

7 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned
for repose,
I will not I will not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should en-
deavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

100 7 s.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the temptest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on thee is staid,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head,
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
All in all in thee I find,
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind;
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

101 C. M.

O Thou from whom all goodness flows
I lift my soul to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
O Lord, remember me!

2 When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart;
Then, Lord, remember me;

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Oh, let my strength be as my day—
Dear Lord, remember me!

4 When in the solemn hour of death
I wait thy just decree;
Be this the prayer of my last breath:
Now, Lord, remember me!

102 L. M.

When sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires;
Jesus to thee I lift mine eyes,
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort die,
Fixed on thy everlasting word,
That word which built the earth the sky?

3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure:
His word a firm foundation gives,
Here let me build and rest secure.

4 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose;
Since Jesus is forever mine,
Not death itself, that last of foes,
Shall break a union so divine.

DEATH AND THE JUDGMENT

103 S. M.

And will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all discerning eyes!—

2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face
Astonish'd, shrink away?

3 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark, from the gospel's cheering soun
What joyful tidings spread!

4 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

5 So shall the curse remove
By which the Saviour bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

104 C. M.

HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims,
For all the pious dead;
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are bless'd;
How calm their slumbers are
From sufferings and from sin released,
And freed from every snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

105 8 s, 7 s & 4 s.

Lo! he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain;
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train.
Hallelujah!
Jesus comes, and comes to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty:
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear:
All his saints by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air.
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear.

4 Mighty King, let all adore Thee,—
High on thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for thine own.
O, come quickly!
Hallelujah! come, Lord, come!

106 L. C. M.

Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Yet how insensible!
A point of time a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

2 O God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtless heart,
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me ere it be too late;
Wake me to righteousness.

3 Before me place in bright array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shall come
To judge the nations at thy bar:
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

4 Be this my one great business here,
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

107 8 s, 7 s & 4 s.

See th' Eternal Judge descending—
View him seated on his throne!
Now, poor sinner, now lamenting,
Stand and hear thy awful doom—
Trumpets call thee?
Stand and hear thy awful doom.

2 Hear the cries he now is venting,
Fill'd with dread of fiercer pain;
While in anguish thus lamenting,
That he ne'er was born again,
Greatly mourning,
That he ne'er was born again:

3 "Yonder sits my slighted Saviour,
With the marks of dying love;
Oh, that I had sought his favor,
When I felt his Spirit move—
Golden moments,
When I felt his Spirit move."

4 Now, despisers, look and wonder!
Hope and sinners here must part,
Louder than a peal of thunder,
Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart!"
Lost forever,
Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart!"

108 C. M.

When rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O how shall I appear?

2 If yet while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought;

3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed,
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear?

4 Yet never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thine only Son has died,
To make her pardon sure.

109 C. M.

WHY do we mourn departed friends
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish our hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all the saints He blest,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest.
But with their dying Head?

5 Thence He arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

110 L. M.

WHY should we start and fear to die
What timorous worms we mortals are
Death is the gate to endless joy.
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans and dying strife
Fright our approaching souls away
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

111 C. M.

COME, Holy Spirit heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys:
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 Dear Lord; and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate;
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

112 S. M.

COME, holy Spirit, come;
Let thy bright beams arise;

Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open thou our eyes.

2 Revive our drooping faith;
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never dying love.

3 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The gracious love of God.

4 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts;
Our mind from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

HEAVEN

113 8 s & 7 s.

In the christian's home in glory,
There remains a land of rest,
Where the Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfil my soul's request.
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,

Where the tree of life is blooming;
There is rest for you,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you.

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand;
For my stay shall not be transient,
In that holy happy land.
On the other, &c.

3 Pain and sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
But in that celestial centre,
I a crown of life shall wear.
On the other, &c.

4 Sing, O sing ye heirs of glory,
Shout your triumphs as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance thro'.
On the other, &c.

114 C. M.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-
built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

4 There happier bow'rs than Eden's bloom
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats through rude and stormy
scenes,
I onward press to you.

5 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

Apostles, martyrs, prophets there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends, in Christ, below,
Will join the glorious band.

115 C. M.

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And east a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight;
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

3 On all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

116 C. M.

There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes:

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

117 8 s & 6 s.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given:
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast,
'Tis found alone— in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven;
When toss'd on life's temptuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the temptest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;—
Beyond the confines of the tomb,
Appears the dawn—of heaven.

118 C. M.

When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,

And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all!

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

119 6 s & 5 s.

When shall we meet again?
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will Peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose,
Safe from each blast that blows,
In this dark vale of woes:
Never, no, never!

3 Up to that world of light,
Take us, dear Saviour!
May we all there unite,
Happy forever!
Where kindred spirits dwell,

There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never, no, never!

4 Soon shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon will Peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever:
Our hearts will then repose,
Secure from wordly woes:
Our songs of praise shall close
Never, no, never!

DOXOLOGIES

C. M.

Let God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make him known
Or saints to love the Lord.

C. M.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow
Praise him, all creatures here below:
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

S. M.

Ye angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

H. M.

To God the Father's throne,
Perpetual honors raise;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise:
With all our powers, eternal King,
Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

7 s.

Sing we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love:
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

THE NUMBERS REFER TO THE PAGES OF THE BOOK.

	Page.
A charge to keep I have, . .	32
According to thy gr c ous word,	18
Alas and did my Sav our ble d, .	19
All hail the pow r of Jesus' name,	20
Am I a soldier of the Cro s. .	32
Amazing grace how sweet the sound,	34
And can I y t delay. .	78
And will the Judge descend, . . .	107
Anoth r six day's work is done, .	90
Approach my soul the mercy seat, .	3
Awaked by Sinai's awful sound, .	50
Awake my soul, stretch every nerve, . .	4
Awake our souls, away our fears,	5
Before Jehovah's awful throne,	6
Behold what wondrous grace, .	34
Bless'd are the souls that hear and know,	7
Bless'd be the everlasting God,	7
Blow ye the trumpet blow,	8
Ch ldren of the heavenly King, .	35
Come Holy Spirit, come, .	115
Come Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, .	115
Come humble sinner in whose breast,	79
Come let us join our cheerful songs,	11
Com my soul, thy suit prepare, .	10
Come thou Fount of every blessing,	12
Come ye weary, heavy laden, , .	61

Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near, 62
Dread Sovereign, let my evening song, 93

Father of mercies, in thy word, 12
Frequent the day of God returns, 91

Gently, Lord, O! gently lead us, 98
Give to the winds thy fears, 99
God is the refuge of his saints, 100
God moves in a mysterious way, 99
Guide, me, O thou great Jehovah, 37

Hark the voice of love and mercy, 21
Hasten, O sinner, to be wise, 63
Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims, 108
How calm and beautiful the morn, 92
How firm a foundation ye saints of the Lord, 102
How happy are they, 37
How lost was my condition, 35
How oft have sin and satan strove, 101
How tedious and tasteless the hours, 40
How sweet and awful is the place, 13
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds, 21

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I lay my sins on Jesus, 51
I'm a pilgrim, 42
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, 43
In all my Lord's appointed way, 44
In the Christian's home in glory, 116
I was a wandering sheep, 44

Jerusalem, my happy home, 417
Jesus and shall it ever be, 27
Jesus, I come to thee, 84
Jesus, I love thy charming name, 34
Jesus, lover of my soul,
Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone, 45
Just as I am—without one plea, 82

[illegible]et carnal minds the world pursue,
[illegible]o! He com s with clouds descending, . 10[illegible]
[illegible]l on a narrow neck of land, . . . 11[illegible]
[illegible]d in the morning thou shalt hear, . 9[illegible]
[illegible]d thou wilt hear mo when I pray, . 91
[illegible]d, we oome before thee now, . . 14

[illegible]d scenes of confusion, ... 46
[illegible]y days are gliding swiftly by, . 48
[illegible]y soul be on thy guard, . . 49
[illegible]y times are in thy hand, . . 50

[illegible]earer my God to thee, . . . 51
[illegible]ot all the blood of beasts, . . 24
[illegible]ow is the the accepted time, . 65
[illegible]ow the shades of night are gone, . 96

[illegible]! for a closer walk with God, . 53
O! for a thousand tongues to sing, . . 25
O, happy day that stays my choice, . . 84
O Lord, another day is flown, . . . 96
O! that the Lord would guide my ways, . 54
O thou from whom all goodness flows. . 106
O where shall rest be found, . . . 54
One there is above all others, . . . 25
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, . . 119

Plunged in a gulf of deep despair, . . 64
Preserved by thine Almighty power, . . 56
Prostrate, dear Jesus, at thy feet, . . 85

Return O wanderer, ... 66
Rock of Ages cleft for me, . . . 26

Salvation, O the joyful sound. . . . 57
Saviour breathe an evening blessing, . 97
Saviour visit thy plantation, . . 57
Say, Brother will you meet us, . . 58
Say sinner hath a voice within, . . 67
See th' Eternal Judge descending. . 111

Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive,
Sinner art thou still secure,
Sinners turn, why will ye die,
Sinners, we are sent to bid you,
Sinners, will ye scorn the message,
Stop, poor sinner, stop and think,

There is a fountain filled with blood, 2
There is a land of pure delight, 11
There is an hour of peaceful rest, 12
The voice of free grace cries escape, 74
'Tis a point I long to know, 87
To-morrow, Lord, is thine, 78
'Twas on that dark and doleful night, 30

Vain delusive world, adieu, 98

What various hindrances we meet, 16
When I can read my title clear, 121
When I survey thy wondrous cross, 31
When marshalled on the nightly plain, 99
When rising from the bed of death, 112
When shall we meet again 122
When sins and fears prevailing rise, 103
When thou my righteous Judge shall come, 14
While life prolongs its precious light, 77
Why do we mourn departed friends, 113
Why should we start and fear to die, 114

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